Impoſe me to what penance your inuention
Can lay vpon my ſinne, yet ſinnd I not,
But in miſtaking.
Prince By my ſoule nor I,
And yet to ſatisfie this good old man,
I would bend vnder any heauy waight,
That heele enioyne me to.
Leonato I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,
That were impoſſible, but I pray you both,
Poſſeſſe the people in Meſſina here,
How innocent ſhe died, and if your loue
Can labour aught in ſad inuention,
Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,
And ſing it to her bones, ſing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſon in law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copie of my child thats dead,
And ſhe alone is heyre to both of vs,
Giue her the right you ſhould haue giu'n her coſin,
And ſo dies my reuenge.
Claudio O noble ſir!
Your ouer kindneſſe doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer and diſpoſe,
For henceforth of poore Claudio.
Leonato To morrow then I wil expect your comming,
To night I take my leaue, this naughty man
Shal face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I beleeue was packt in al this wrong,
Hyred to it by your brother.
Bor. No by my ſoule ſhe was not,
Nor knew not what ſhe did when ſhe ſpoke to me,
But alwayes hath bin iuſt and vertuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.
Conſt. Moreouer ſir, which indeede is not vnder white and blacke, this plaintiffe heere, the offendour, did call me aſſe, I beſeech you let it be remembred in his puniſhment, and alſo the

the watch heard them talke
weares a key in his eare and a l
monie in Gods name, the whi
paied, that now men grow har
for Gods ſake: praie you exam
Leonato I thanke thee for th
Conſt. Your worſhip ſpeak
uerent youth, and I praiſe Go
Leon. Theres for thy pain
Conſt. God ſaue the found
Leon. Goe, I diſcharge the
thee.
Conſt. I leaue an arrant kna
beſeech your worſhip to corre
others: God keepe your worſh
God reſtore you to health, I hu
and if a merie meeting may be
neighbour.
Leon. Vntill to morrow m
Brot. Farewell my lords, w
Prince We will not faile.
Claud. To night ile mourn
Leonato Bring you theſe fell
garet, how her acquaintance gre
Enter Beneducke
Bened. Praie thee ſweete m
my hands, by helping me to the
Mar. Wil you then write me
tie?
Bene. In ſo high a ſtile Ma
come ouer it, for in moſt comel
Mar. To haue no man com
keep below ſtaires.
Bene. Thy wit is as quicke a
catches.
Mar. And your's, as blunt a
but hurt not.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado About Nothing* (STC 22304) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12